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The Balance, AND COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY.

" HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D !
" HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D !"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (NEW-YORK) TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1804.

Editor's Closet.

GENERAL HAMILTON.

THE following are the paſſages in Holt's* publication againſt Hamilton, on which we promiſed ſome additional remarks. The ſame ideas have been advanced, in other papers, though ſomewhat differently expreſſed. It is proper, therefore, that this attempt to miſlead public opinion, by awakening political party prejudices, ſhould be arreſted in the outſet.

" General Hamilton's friends (ſays the " Bee,) have gone over the extremeſt " bounds of reaſon in their panegyric on the " deceaſed, and extolled him to ſuch a de- " gree as to wound the feelings and ſlander " the good fame of the living. He is rep- " reſented unequivocally as having been " the greateſt and beſt man in the United " States at the time of his death, and as " being a loſs to our country beyond the " power of the preſent generation to re- " pair. And this libel on a Jefferſon a " Madiſon, a Gallatin, &c. &c. we per- " ceive ourſelves perfectly juſtifiable in " repelling, though at the expence of der- " ogating from this factitious reputation " Gen. Hamilton has ſo ſuddenly obtain- " ed.

" In doing this we would remark that " we allow in their fulleſt extent his tranſ- " cendent abilities at the American bar, " where we are not prepared to ſay he " has left his equal. We admit him " to have been a maſterly orator, an hon- " eſt counſellor, an able ſoldier, finan- " cier and ſtateſman, and an accompliſh- " ed gentleman ; and this is all we can " admit."

In remarking on theſe paſſages, we ſhall avoid every thing like party diſtinctions. In matters of this nature they ought to be laid aſide : For it is an undoubted fact, that political prejudice runs ſo high at this day, that in deciding on the comparative merits of a federaliſt and a democrat, people would take their ſide as promptly as at a warmly conteſted election.

The Bee ſays, without taking any means to prove it, that injuſtice has been done to our living patriots, by the panegyric beſtowed on the departed Hamilton ; but we ſhall endeavor to ſhew, and, we truſt, with ſucceſs, that his own aſſertions prove the contrary.

In the firſt place, we cannot conceive, how we can " wound the feelings" or " ſlander the good fame" of one man, by extolling another. No *good man* can feel hurt becauſe another good man is extolled. A man muſt be extremely envious, whoſe feelings are wounded, or who conceives his fame ſlandered, by the praiſe beſtowed on a great and diſtinguiſhed character.

But, ſays the Bee, Gen. Hamilton is repreſented as having been the greateſt and beſt man in the United States at the time o his death ; and this, he adds, is a libel on a Jefferſon, a Madiſon, a Gallatin, &c. &c. Here then, we are told, in plain terms, where *the ſhoe pinches*. The friends of Gen. Hamilton have offended the ſage editor of the Bee, becauſe they have not ſpoken of him in the following manner—" Gen. Hamilton was the greateſt and beſt man in the country, excepting a Jefferſon, a Madiſon, a Gallatin, a Granger, a Randolph, a Dearborn, a Lincoln, half a dozen Clintons, as many Livingſtons, a Lewis, a Spencer, a Burr, &c. &c. &c. &c." And the Bee thinks himſelf juſtifiable in repelling this libel, by attempting to bring Hamilton down to the grade in which he wiſhes him placed.

It ought to be obſerved, that there is a material miſrepreſentation in the above quotation from the Bee. The friends of Gen. Hamilton have not repreſented him as being the greateſt and *beſt* man in the United States. They have declared him to be a man, " take him for all in all," without an equal ; and ſince the Bee has condeſcended to tell us how many good qualities he is willing to allow him, we will ſee if theſe alone are not ſufficient to render him ſuperior to either a Jefferſon, a Madiſon, a Gallatin, or the whole of them taken together.

In the firſt place, the Bee allows " in their fulleſt extent," Gen. Hamilton's " tranſcendent abilities at the American Bar," and acknowledges that he has not there left his equal. How, then, can the declaration, that his death " is a loſs to our country beyond the power of the pre-

* There are various opinions with respect to the author of the attacks on Gen Hamilton, which have appeared in the Bee. Holt, by placing them under his editorial head, claims them as his own. Indeed, we can see no reason to doubt that he writes them, —they are inelegant, incorrect, malignant, base and false—therefore, if not written by him, they are written by somebody exactly like him.

ſent generation to repair," be made a libel on Jefferſon, &c?

The Bee further admits Gen. Hamilton to have been "a maſterly orator, an hon- "eſt counſellor, an able ſoldier, finan- "cier and ſtateſman, and an accompliſh- "ed gentleman." And now we wiſh to know which of the three wonderful men, who have had their feelings wounded by the praiſe of Hamilton, is to be ſet up as his ſuperior in theſe particulars. Who is the maſterly orator? Is it Jefferſon, or Madiſon, or Gallatin? We believe that Gallatin, ſaving his ignorance of the Engliſh language, is the better orator of the three, and yet, we preſume, that Major Ogle, and Jacob Alter, of the Pennſylvania legiſlature, would *think themſelves libelled*, were Gallatin to be declared ſuperior to them.——Which of the three, is to riſe ſuperior to Hamilton in the character of "an able ſoldier?" Not Madiſon —not Gallatin: But Mr. Jefferſon has proved "able," if not valorous—for

"The man who fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

We hope that no man in the United States will pretend to be the equal of Hamilton as a financier, and as no two perſons of different ſects agree in opinion with reſpect to the qualities requiſite to conſtitute an able ſtateſman, we leave that point untouched.—All that remains to be aſked, then, is, Which of the three characters mentioned by the Bee, is the "accompliſhed gentleman?"

Finally, we wiſh to know where a man can be found in whoſe character are combined ſo many ſhining qualities, as even the Bee ſeems inclined to aſcribe to Gen. Hamilton. Certainly, neither of the three gentlemen whoſe "feelings have been wounded," and whoſe "good fame has been ſlandered," nor all of them together, can boaſt ſuch an aſſemblage of rare talents.—And yet to repel this pretended libel on thoſe gentlemen, Holt has thought himſelf juſtifiable in making that brutal and malicious attack on Gen. Hamilton, which was ſufficiently noticed in our laſt.

Holt, like "*a hog in a flower garden*," continues his attempts to root up, trample down and destroy qualities and virtues the value of which he knows not how to appreciate. He is not content with defaming Hamilton alone; but he extends his attack to the right reverend Bishop Moore and the reverend Dr. Mason. This brutal warfare against talents and worth ſurpriſes us the more, becauſe it can have but one object—*the promotion of Burr's fame by the depreſſion of Hamilton's*. There can be no great difficulty, however, in diſcovering Holt's *inducement* for carrying on this work of deſtruction. His repeated avowal of what he conceives to be the *duty of an editor*, furniſhes a tolerably good clue to the buſineſs, eſpecially when taken in connection with what he calls his "concluding remarks" in the laſt Bee. He there ſays, "If the reverend eulogiſt "[Mr. Maſon] be conſidered merely as a *venal* "ſpeaker, exerting his great talents for *reward*, his "eulogium entitles him to much credit," &c. This obſervation, I ſay, taken in connection with Holt's repeated avowal, that an editor ſhould be to his patrons, as a lawyer to his client—that is, that he ſhould take up on this ſide or that ſide, whether right or wrong, for a *fee*, affords ſtrong ground for ſuſpicion that ſomething like a *fee* or *reward* has induced this villainous attack on Gen. Hamilton. If this is the caſe, Holt's apology will be—"I am a *venal* writer—I write for *reward*—my writings therefore entitle me to much credit." He is entirely welcome to all the credit to be derived from this conduct. For my part, I was never taught to believe, that a raſcally act did its author a whit the more honor, for his being *paid for it*.

Though it is extremely painful to me to be compelled, by the baſeneſs of my opponents, to make the defence in which I am now engaged; yet THE FAME OF HAMILTON MUST BE PROTECTED; and if any of my readers conceive, that the inſignificance of my antagoniſt ought to ſhield him from animadverſion, let them reflect, that the poiſonous ſting of the aſp is as much to be dreaded as the jaws of the crocodile, and that the heel of an aſs, ſometimes does as much miſchief as the paw of a wolf.

Holt's laſt publication againſt Hamilton, conſiſts of remarks on certain paſſages which are ſaid to be extracted from the Rev. Mr. Maſon's eulogium. Whether theſe extracts are faithfully and correctly made, or not, I cannot ſay, not having ſeen the work. I am, therefore, willing to let them paſs as genuine, though Holt's general conduct would not warrant the belief.

The remarks throughout, are nothing but a tiſſue of the moſt foul and unfounded ſlanders—dark and malicious inſinuations—cruel and bitter ſneers—in ſhort, of ſtupidity and meanneſs, in all their bearings and attitudes. In the firſt place it is aſſerted, that "Hamilton's perſonal honor has been queſtion- "ed, teſted, and found wanting, in the opinion of "at leaſt three whom he challenged and did not "fight." Holt has once before made this charge, though in more vague terms, and why he now repeats it, upon his naked word, without the ſmalleſt corroborative circumſtance, I cannot tell. Nobody elſe has thought of making ſuch an aſſertion; and it cannot be ſuppoſed that Holt *alone* would be acquainted with the fact, if it were true. The names of the perſons ſaid to be challenged are not mentioned. We are not told where and when they were challenged, nor where they now reſide. If ſuch men exiſt, let them be named. Let them ſtand forth and ſupport the charge. If this is not done, it may fairly be inferred that the whole of the ſtory is a deteſtable calumny. But Holt ſays, he "dare preſume to aſſert" theſe things. And who doubts him? He dare aſſert any thing, without ever troubling himſelf to enquire whether it is true or falſe.

It would be a waſte of time to take up all the remarks ſeparately. The following is enough to ſhew the nature of the whole:—

"So this univerſal genius excelled in whatever he was pleaſed to undertake.—Waſhington, Franklin, Adams, Hancock, Greene, Gates, Henry, Pendleton, Jay, Ellſworth, Marſhall, Livingſton, &c. Jefferſon, Madiſon, Gallatin, Clinton, &c. Rittenhouſe, Ruſh, Trumbull, Barlow, Humphries, Freneau, Weſt, Ramſay, &c. retire from public eſteem, hide all your diminiſhed heads. Philoſophers, ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, poets, painters, phyſicians, lawyers, orators, &c. Hamilton is ſuperior to you all. In whatever department of ſcience he directed his attention to, he excelled all competitors. If he had condeſcended to have become a preacher, (*i. e.* previous to his converſion by Burr) he would have ſhone ſuperior to the right reverend biſhop Moore, his father confeſſor, or even the learned and accompliſhed orator himſelf."

The object of this paragraph is to ſhew, that Hamilton *did not* excel in whatever he directed his attention to; and men are mentioned, as his ſuperiors in poetry, painting and phyſic. Who ever before heard that Hamilton turned his attention to either of theſe branches of ſcience? Who ever ſpoke of Gen. Hamilton as a poet? Who ever heard that he was a painter? And, above all, did he ever ſtudy phyſic? Holt might as well ſay, that he is himſelf ſuperior to Hamilton, because he can *work at preſs* better.—Hamilton's friends ſay, he excelled in whatever he undertook; and, until an abler lawyer, a more eloquent orator, a more profound ſtateſman, or a better ſoldier, appears in the world, the aſſertion will ſtand good Had the attention of this great man been turned to other objects, he might have excelled in them alſo: But, pre-eminent in all the nobler ſciences, even *his* ſuperior genius was ſatisfied.

The cloſing ſentence of the quoted paragraph, beggars all comment. There is ſomething ſo brutal, ſo unfeeling, ſo malignant, in terming the murder of Hamilton "his converſion by Burr," that I ſhudder to find that we have, in the boſom of our city, a monſter who can thus ſport with ſuch an affecting cataſtrophe, and thus ſcoff at the moſt ſerious concerns.

The "Organ of the Public Will," Citizen Duane, ſeems to be getting at loggerheads with a number of democratic editors. He has quarrelled with the editor of the National Aegis, and he is now conſtantly wrangling with Mr. M'Corkle, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, a democratic paper publiſhed in Philadelphia. Duane is not even willing that M'Corkle ſhould receive ſo much as one mouthful of the loaves and fiſhes of *public patronage*. No! he wants them all for his own dear ſelf—

"For he that has but *impudence*,
"To *all things* has a fair pretence."

By the following note, from the *Georgia Republi-*

can, it would seem that its editor, S. Morse, and Duane are not the best of friends. Morse says that "not every one has seen Duane as much, or marked him as well, as he has." And that "Duane is a man incapable of supporting *high prosperity*. It has intoxicated him." Morse "foresaw this when he was with him." We think there is but little danger of *high prosperity* intoxicating Morse; if there should be, we would recommend to him to send immediately to his fellow labourer in iniquity, Charles Holt, for relief, as he is not apt to be much intoxicated with *high prosperity*.

Here is Morse's paragraph:—

"Citizen Duane will acknowledge that I am not guilty of the sin of ingratitude in publishing the following extract of a letter from a republican of integrity and standing not a thousand miles from Philadelphia. After mentioning the denouncement of several republicans in the Aurora whose worth and integrity are as much superior to Duane's as his to James Thompson Callender's, to say the least, the letter adds, "Duane appears to be a man incapable of supporting high prosperity. It has intoxicated him." This I foresaw when I was with him. His public favors to the editor of the Georgia Republican induces that editor to say, not every one has seen Duane as much, or marked him as well as S. MORSE."

If *Selleck Osborn* wishes an explanation of *all* the four following lines (from my song for the 4th of July) he shall be gratified; but the two first alone seem to require but little explanation:—

"And though an upstart chief may claim
The laurels by those heroes gain'd;
Tho' knaves may strive to blast their fame,
And tho' their mem'ry be prophan'd,"

A SMALL LIE.

In the American Mercury of the 9th inst. under the head of "Republican Address," a certain document is republished, which, the writer says, appeared in the Balance.—No such document was ever published in this paper. I cannot see the use of printing such bare-faced *fibs*.

It is not more than three or four weeks since I predicted, that the honest and candid portion of Holt's readers, would by degrees grow weary of the constant repetition of falsehood which he is weekly crowding into their hands, and that they would, in time, abandon him to his fate, &c. I now find that my prediction is already fulfilling; and I mention the fact with the more satisfaction, because it discovers in some of my political opponents, a regard for decency and decorum, which is highly honorable. Since Holt's base attack on the fame of Gen. Hamilton made its appearance, several of his subscribers have withdrawn their patronage.

The following fact is copied from the American Citizen, and is given as supplementary to the statement in our last, concerning the death of Gen. Hamilton:—

The following paragraph, taken from a London paper, appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of this city about a month ago.

A singular circumstance.—"A pistol loaded, was fired inadvertantly against a young woman, in Manchester; the ball struck against her breast, but having a *silk handkerchief* on, it did her no other injury than produce a violent contusion.—This produced the following wager; that a ball would not penetrate a dog if covered with a silk handkerchief. The trial was made along shore, near Liverpool a few days ago, with success, and although repeated several times, produced no other effect than bruising the part where the ball hit. Singular as this may appear, we are assured by our informant, that it is a fact and that no ball will penetrate a body clothed with a silk garment."

We have an instance in our own city corroborative of these facts.

About a fortnight ago, several gentlemen went over to Brooklyn to shoot at a mark for a trifling wager. Mr. E. L. Schieffelin, Druggist in Pearl-street, was one of the company. The parties stood ten paces from the target. Mr. Schieffelin had fired several times with accuracy. He again took his position to fire. His pistol was loaded as usual, and, while waiting for the word, hung pendant, with the muzzle below the knee; the ball, of course, was not more than twenty inches from the foot; in this position the pistol was accidentally fired. The ball struck the top of the foot near the ancle. Surgical aid was obtained. Dr. Burrows was the professional gentleman sent for.

Mr. Schieffelin had on ordinary ribbed white silk stockings. On examining the wound it was discovered, that although the ball entered the foot about half an inch, *not a thread of the stocking was broken!* The impetus given to the ball extended the threads where it hit, but the stocking was as *wholly unbroken* as if the accident had not happened. The part which the ball hit was forced into the foot and made a sort of a bag for it. After separation from the stocking by cutting, the piece or the bag, (if I may so express myself) and the ball were taken out together. I have now in my possession the part of the stocking which the ball struck, and which any one may see by calling at the office. The circumference of the ball is distinctly marked upon it; but within this there is not the least fracture of the stocking.

In a conversation which I had with Mr. Scheiffelin on Saturday last he told me that the pistol, when the accident happened, had the usual charge of powder; he mentioned a middling sized thimble full.

Dr. Burrows has the ball in his possession. The netting and the ribs of the stocking are very distinctly impressed upon it. This is a proof of the resistibility of the silk. Now for the application of these facts.

It is satisfactorily established that, previous and subsequent to the acceptance of the challenge, Mr. Burr was in the daily habit of shooting at a mark. On the 4th July, (after the challenge was accepted) he dined with the Cincinnati Society in company with General Hamilton. There is every reason to believe that, before he left home in the forenoon of that day, he practised shooting at a mark in his garden. Every member of the Society remarked when he entered, the austerity of his countenance, which was preserved during the day. Gen. Hamilton was cheerful, and favoured the society with several songs.

Nothing can more clearly manifest the desperate purpose of Mr. Burr than this daily practice, especially when we consider how sensible he must have been that Gen. Hamilton was dragged into the interview.

Mr. Burr, however, was not only intent upon calculations of certainty as to the life of his antagonist, but also as to the preservation of his own.

The extract from the London paper above quoted, in regard to the resistibility of silk, appeared in the Morning Chronicle about ten days previous to the fatal interview. We know that Mr. Burr practised shooting at a mark, but we are not sure that the Morning Chronicle quotation was "*put*" into his hands and that he tried the experiment of shooting at silk in order to ascertain how he could best preserve himself from the ball of his illustrious victim, in case he fired. Facts, however, warrant conjectures very unfavorable to Mr. Burr.

After the challenge was accepted Mr. Burr wrote a note to his Tailor, Mr. Francis Davis, requesting that he would make him a *silk coat* (having already the under garments of *silk*,) by Monday evening,* and adding that unless it was then brought home it would be of *no use*, as on *Tuesday morning by four o'clock he was to leave town!* Special directions were given to make the coat *unusually large*. It was made according to order and delivered to Mr. Burr on Monday evening. In this coat, which was *black*, he killed Gen. Hamilton.

* The duel was fought on the following Wednesday.

Agricultural.

EXTRACT.

NEW INVENTION OF PREPARING FLAX TO LOOK LIKE COTTON OR SILK.

IN France, M. Lebrun has invented a new method of preparing hemp and flax, by which he gives these raw materials an appearance perfectly new, and obtains from them a kind of cotton and silk thread. He begins with the tow, the moment it leaves the hands of the cultivator and communicates to it either the soft and adhesive nature of cotton or a brilliancy resembling that of silk.—This preparation, for every purpose of utility or taste, is superior to imported cotton, as it easily assumes and retains any colour of which it may be dyed, and by the labour of a few individuals, a thousand pounds of tow may be converted into cotton in twenty-four hours. A second preparation gives the tow all the fineness and brilliancy of texture that has hitherto been peculiar to silk.

Monitorial.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

FOR THE BALANCE.

"Sooner, alas! will pride new gild her coach,
Than bid the warming faggot blaze around
The hearth where chill necessity resides."

THERE is too much truth in these lines. Could one hundredth part of the money expended in the most useless manner by the proud and rich, be applied to the necessities of the poor, thousands of people who now pine in wretchedness and want, might be rendered comfortable and happy: But "*pride must new gild her coach;*" and until this is done, little does she regard the cries of "*chill necessity.*"—Mr. Heartless is extremely rich. He lives in great splendor, and annually squanders large sums for luxuries; but he never extends the hand of charity.—He had just expended an hundred pounds in ornamenting his new house. The bill was presented for payment. While one hand was extended with the money, a poor old man jogged the other elbow, and begged for a few cents. The beggar was kicked out of doors.

MENTOR.

Miscellany.

FOR THE BALANCE.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE copied the following small paragraph from a stray leaf of an Oxford Magazine, which was published in the year 1774, and which had got almost defaced by the bad usage it had received. I think it is not altogether inapplicable to some of the "*over-heated*" politicians of the present day, who, "by the strength of their attachment to their party, discover the weakness, if not total demolition of their intellects."——If you think it deserving, please to give it a place in your truly federal paper,

Q.

From the OXFORD MAGAZINE.

"THOSE who are over-heated in favour of a faction may with some propriety be compared to the unhappy persons whose understandings are disordered by the fury of a fever. There are undoubtedly many people who, by the strength of their attachment to their party, discover the weakness, if not total demolition of their intellects; and who talk and act as if they were not in their present senses. Perfection, indeed, cannot fairly be looked for in any human creature; but we may surely hope to find, even in a party-man, a tolerable share of common sense. We often see, however, that those who are under the dominion of party-spirit, conduct themselves with as little discretion as if the moon had given a shock to their brains, and prove themselves, by their deviations from prudence, more fit for St. Luke's than St. James's."

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT is friendship? an interchange of affection and services, founded on virtue, and the sympathy of souls. Deprive society of this reciprocal benevolence, and you break every tie; for man depends on man.

Hamilton.

FROM THE BOSTON REPERTORY.

The following Sketch* was prepared immediately after the death of the ever to be lamented HAMILTON, and was lately read to a select company of friends, at whose desire it is published:

THERE are so many persons, who, from various causes, possess only a superficial knowledge of the character of eminent men, that, it is to be expected, the extraordinary marks of grief manifested by the public, on the death of General Hamilton, will to some appear strange and to others excessive. America, they may say, has produced many great men—some are dead, and others remain alive. Why then should we mourn, as if with a sense of desolation and surprise, for a loss, that by the lot of human nature, has already become familiar, and why mourn so much, as if all was lost, when we have so many great men left?

But although General Hamilton has, for some years, withdrawn from public office to the Bar, and has been, in some measure, out of the view and contemplation of his countrymen, there was nevertheless a splendour in his character that could not be contracted within the ordinary sphere of his employments.

It is with really great men as with great literary works, the excellence of both is best tested by the extent and durableness of their impression. The public has not suddenly, but after an experience of five and twenty years, taken that impression of the just celebrity of Alexander Hamilton, that nothing but his extraordinary intrinsic merit could have made, and still less, could have made so deep and maintained so long. In this case, it is safe and correct to judge by effects. We sometimes calculate the height of a mountain by measuring the length of its shadow.

It not a party, for party distinctions, to the honor of our citizens be it said, are confounded by the event; it is a nation that weeps for its bereavement. We weep as the Romans did over the ashes of Germanicus. It is a thoughtful, foreboding sorrow that takes possession of the heart, and sinks it with no counterfeited heaviness.

It is here proper and not invidious to remark, that as the emulation excited by conducting great affairs commonly trains and exhibits great talents, it is seldom the case that the fairest and soundest judgment of a great man's merit is to be gained, exclusively, from his associates in counsel or action. Persons of conspicuous merit are, themseves not unfrequently, bad judges and

* Ascribed to the Honorable FISHER AMES.

ſtill worſe witneſſes on this point: often rivals, ſometimes enemies, almoſt always unjuſt, and ſtill oftener envious or cold; the opinion they give to the public, as well as thoſe they privately form for themſelves, are, of courſe, diſcoloured with the hue of their prejudices and reſentments.

But the body of the people, who cannot feel a ſpirit of rivalſhip towards thoſe whom they ſee elevated by nature and education ſo far above their heads, are more equitable, and, ſuppoſing a competent time and opportunity for information on the ſubject, more intelligent judges. Even party rancour, eager to maim the living, ſcorns to ſtrip the ſlain. The moſt hoſtile paſſions are ſoothed or baffled by the fall of their antagoniſt. Then, if not ſooner, the very multitude will fairly decide on character, according to their experience of its impreſſion, and as long as virtue, not unfrequently for a time obſcured, is ever reſpectable when diſtinctly ſeen, they cannot withhold, and they will not ſtint their admiration.

If then the popular eſtimation is ever to be taken for the true one, the uncommonly profound public ſorrow, for the death of Alexander Hamilton, ſufficiently explains and vindicates itſelf. He had not made himſelf dear to the paſſions of the multitude by condeſcending, in defiance of his honor and conſcience, to become their inſtrument. He is not lamented becauſe a ſkilful flatterer is now mute forever. It was by the practice of no art, by wearing no diſguiſe, it was not by accident, nor by the levity nor profligacy of party, but in deſpite of its malignant miſrepreſentation, it was by bold and inflexible adherence to truth, by loving his country better than himſelf, preferring its intereſt to its favor, and ſerving it, when it was unwilling and unthankful, in a manner that no other perſon could, that he roſe, and the *true* popularity, the homage that is paid to virtue, followed him. It was not in the power of party or envy to pull him down, but he roſe, as if ſome force of attraction drew him to the ſkies. He roſe and the very prejudice that could not reach, was at length almoſt ready to adore him.

It is indeed no imagined wound that inflicts ſo keen an anguiſh. Since the news of his death, the novel and ſtrange events of Europe have ſucceeded each other unregarded, the nation has been enchained to its ſubject, and broods over its grief, which is more deep than eloquent; which, though dumb, can make itſelf felt without utterance, and which does not merely paſs, but, like an electrical ſhock, at the ſame inſtant ſmites and aſtoniſhes, as it paſſes from Georgia, to Newhampſhire.

There is a kind of force put upon our thoughts by this diſaſter that detains and rivets them to a cloſer contemplation of thoſe reſplendent virtues that are now loſt, except to memory, and there they will dwell forever.

That writer would deſerve the fame of a public benefactor, who could exhibit the character of Hamilton with the truth and force that all who intimately knew him conceived it: his example would then take the ſame aſcendant as his talents. The portrait alone, however exquiſitely finiſhed could not inſpire genius where it is not, but if the world ſhould again have poſſeſſion of ſo rare a gift, it might awaken it where it ſleeps, as by a ſpark from heaven's own altar: for, ſurely, if there is any thing like divinity in man, it is in his admiration of virtue.

But who alive can exhibit this portrait? If our age on that ſuppoſition more fruitful than any other, had produced two Hamiltons, one of them might then have depicted the other. To delineate genius one muſt feel its power. Hamilton, and he alone with all its inſpiration, could have transfuſed its whole fervid ſoul into the picture, and ſwelled its lineaments into life. The writer's mind, expanding with his own enthuſiaſm, and glowing with kindred fires, would then have ſtretched to the dimenſion of his ſubject.

Such is the infirmity of human nature, it is very difficult for a man, who is greatly the ſuperior of his aſſociates, to preſerve their friendſhip without abatement. Yet though Hamilton could not poſſibly conceal his ſuperiority, he was ſo little inclined to diſplay it, he was ſo much at eaſe in its poſſeſſion, that no jealouſy or envy chilled his boſom when his friends obtained praiſe; he was indeed, ſo entirely the friend of his friends, ſo magnanimous, ſo ſuperior, or more properly, ſo inſenſible to all excluſive ſelfiſhneſs of ſpirit, ſo frank, ſo ardent yet ſo little overbearing, ſo much truſted, admired, beloved, almoſt adored, that his power over their affections was entire and laſted thro' his life. We do not believe that he left any worthy man his foe who had ever been his friend. Men of the moſt elevated minds have not always the readieſt diſcernment of character. Perhaps he was ſometimes too ſudden and too laviſh in beſtowing his confidence: his manly ſpirit, diſdaining artifice, ſuſpected none; but while the power of his friends over him ſeemed to have no limits, and really had none, in reſpect to thoſe things which were of a nature to be yielded, no man, not the Roman Cato himſelf, was more inflexible on every point that touched, or only ſeemed to touch, integrity and honour. With him, it was not enough to be unſuſpected, his boſom would have glowed like a furnace at its own whiſpers of reproach. Mere purity would have ſeemed to him below praiſe, and ſuch were his habits and ſuch his nature, that the pecuniary temptations, which many others can only with great exertion and ſelf denial reſiſt, had no attractions for him.—He was very far from obſtinate. Yet as his friends aſſailed his opinions with leſs profound thought than he had devoted to them, they were ſeldom ſhaken by diſcuſſion. He defended them, however, with as much mildneſs as force, and evinced that, if he did not yield, it was not for want of gentleneſs or modeſty.

The tears that flow on this fond recital will never dry up. My heart, penetrated with the remembrance of the man, grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water. I could weep too for my country, which, mournful as it is, does not know the half of its loſs. It deeply laments, when it turns its eyes back, and ſees what Hamilton *was;* but my ſoul ſtiffens with deſpair when I think what Hamilton *would have been.*

His ſocial affections and his private virtues are not, however, ſo properly the object of public attention as the conſpicuous and commanding qualities that gave him his fame and influence in the world. It is not as Apollo, enchanting the ſhepherds with his lyre, it is as Hercules, treacherouſly ſlain in the midſt of his unfiniſhed labours, leaving the world overrun with monſters, that we moſt deeply deplore him.

His early life we paſs over—Though his heroic ſpirit, in the army, has furniſhed a theme, that is dear to patriotiſm and will be ſacred to glory.

In all the different ſtations in which a life of active uſefulneſs has placed him, we find him not more remarkably diſtinguiſhed by the extent than by the variety and verſatility of his talents. In every place, he made it apparent that no other man could have filled it ſo well, and, in times of critical importance, in which alone he deſired employment, his ſervices were juſtly deemed indiſpenſable. As Secretary of the Treaſury, his was the powerful ſpirit that preſided over the Chaos;

> Confuſion heard his voice and wild uproar
> Stood ruled———

Indeed, in organizing the Federal government in 1789, every man of either ſenſe or candour will allow, the difficulties ſeemed greater than the firſt rate abilities could ſurmount. The event has ſhewn that his abilities are greater than thoſe difficulties. He ſurmounted them, and Waſhington's adminiſtration was the moſt wiſe and beneficient, the moſt proſperous, and ought to be the moſt popular that ever was entruſted with the affairs of a nation. Great as was Waſhington's merit, much of it in plan, much in exe-

cution, will of courſe devolve upon his miniſter.

As a Lawyer, his comprehenſive genius reached the principles of his profeſſion; he compaſſed its extent, he ſathomed its profound, perhaps even more familiarly and eaſily than the ordinary rules of its practice. With moſt men, law is a trade, with him it was a ſcience.

As a Stateſman, he was not more diſtinguiſhed by the great extent of his views than by the caution with which he provided againſt impediments, and the watchfulneſs of his care over right and the liberty of the ſubject. In none of the many revenue bills, which he framed, though Committees reported them, is there to be found a ſingle clauſe that favours of deſpotic power; not one that the ſageſt champions of law and liberty would on that ground, heſitate to approve and adopt.

It is rare that a man who owes ſo much to nature deſcends to ſeek more from induſtry. But he ſeemed to depend on induſtry as if nature had done nothing for him. His habits of inveſtigation were very remarkable; his mind ſeemed to cling to his ſubject till he had exhauſted it. Hence the uncommon ſuperiority of his reaſoning powers, a ſuperiority that ſeemed to be augmented from every ſource, and to be fortified by every auxiliary; learning, taſte, wit, imagination and eloquence. Theſe were embelliſhed and enforced by his temper and manners, by his fame and his virtues. It is difficult, in the midſt of ſuch various excellence, to ſay in what particular the effect of his greatneſs was not manifeſt. No man more promptly diſcerned truth, no man more clearly diſplayed it; it was not merely made viſible, it ſeemed to come bright with illumination from his lips. But prompt and clear as he was, fervid as Demoſthenes, like Cicero full of reſource, he was not leſs remarkable for the copiouſneſs and completeneſs of his argument, that left little for cavil and nothing for doubt. Some men take their ſtrongeſt argument as a weapon, and uſe no other. But he left nothing to be inquired for more—nothing to be anſwered. He not only diſarmed his adverſaries of their pretexts and objections, but he ſtripped them of all excuſe for having urged them; he confounded and ſubdued as well as convinced. He indemnified them, however, by making his diſcuſſion a complete map of his ſubject, ſo that his opponents might indeed feel aſhamed of their miſtakes but they could not repeat them. In fact, it was no common effort that could preſerve a really able antagoniſt from becoming his convert. For, the truth, which his reſearches ſo diſtinctly preſented to the underſtanding of others, was rendered almoſt irreſiſtibly commanding and impreſſive by the love and reverence which it was ever apparent, he profoundly cheriſhed for it in his own. While patriotiſm glowed in his heart, wiſdom blended in his ſpeech, her authority with her charms.

Such alſo is the character of his writings. Judiciouſly collected, they wil be a public treaſure.

No man ever more diſdained duplicity, or carried *frankneſs* further than he. This gave to his political opponents ſome temporary advantages; and currency to ſome popular prejudices, which he would have *lived* down, if his death had not prematurely diſpelled them. He knew that factions have ever in the end prevailed in free States, and as he ſaw no ſecurity, and who living can ſee any adequate, againſt the deſtruction of that liberty which he loved, and for which he was ever ready to devote his life, he ſpoke at all times according to his anxious forebodings, and his enemies interpreted all he ſaid according to the ſuppoſed intereſt of their party.

But he ever extorted confidence even when he moſt provoked oppoſition. It was impoſſible to deny that he was a patriot—and ſuch a patriot, as ſeeking neither popularity nor office, without artifice, without meanneſs, the beſt Romans in their beſt days would have admitted to citizenſhip and to the Conſulate. Virtue ſo rare, ſo pure, ſo bold, by its very purity and excellence, inſpired ſuſpicion, as a prodigy. His enemies judged of him by themſelves. So ſplendid and arduous were his ſervices, they could not find it in *their* hearts to believe they were diſintereſted.

Unparalleled as they were, they were nevertheleſs no otherwiſe requited than by the applauſe of all good men, and by his own enjoyment of the ſpectacle of that national proſperity and conſideration, which was the effect of them. After facing calumny and triumphantly ſurmounting an unrelenting perſecution, he retired from office, with clean though empty hands, as rich as reputation and an unblemiſhed integrity could make him.

Some have plauſibly, though erroneouſly, inferred from the great extent of his abilities that his ambiton was inordinate. This is a miſtake. Such men as have a painful conciouſneſs that their ſtations happen to be far more exalted then their talents are generally the moſt ambitious. Hamilton, on the contrary, though he had many competitors, had no rivals; for he did not thirſt for power, nor would he, as it was well known, deſcend to office. Of courſe, he ſuffered no pain from envy when bad men roſe, though he felt anxiety for the public. He was perfectly content and at eaſe in private life. Of what was he ambitious? not of wealth. No man held it cheaper. Was it of popularity? That weed of the dunghill, he knew, when rankeſt, was neareſt to withering. There is no doubt that, being conſcious of his powers, he deſired glory, which to moſt men is too inacceſſible to be an object of deſire. But, feeling his own force, and that he was tall enough to reach the top of Pindus or of Helicon, he longed to deck his brow with the wreath of immortality. A vulgar ambition could as little comprehend as ſatisfy his views: he thirſted only for that fame that virtue would not bluſh to confer, nor time to convey to the end of his courſe.

The only ordinary diſtinction to which we confeſs he did aſpire was military, and for that, in the event of a foreign war, he would have been ſolicitious. He undoubtedly diſcovered the predominance of a ſoldier's feelings, and all that is honor in the character of a ſoldier, was at home in his heart. His early education was in the camp, there the firſt fervours of his genius were poured forth, and his earlieſt and moſt cordial friendſhips formed. There he became enamoured with glory and was admitted to its embrace.

Thoſe who knew him beſt, and eſpecially in the army, will believe that if occaſion had called him forth, he was qualified beyond any man of the age, to diſplay the talents of a great General.

It may be very long before our country will want ſuch military talents. It will probablay be much longer before it will again poſſeſs them.

Alas, the great man who was at all times ſo much the ornament of our country, and ſo excluſively fitted in its extremity to be its champion, is withdrawn to a purer and more tranquil region.

We are left to endleſs labours and unavailing regrets.

> Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
> And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.
> Our Troy has loſt her Hector.

The moſt ſubſtantial glory of a country is in its various great men. Its proſperity will depend upon its docility to learn from their example. That nation is fated to ignominy and ſervitude, for which ſuch men have lived in vain. Power may be ſeized by a nation that is yet barbarous, and wealth may be enjoyed by one that it finds or renders ſordid; the one is the gift and the ſport of accident, and the other is the ſport of power. Both are mutable, and have paſſed away without leaving behind them any other memorial than ruins that offend taſte and traditions that baffle conjecture. But the glory of Greece is imperiſhable, or will laſt as long as learning itſelf, which is its monument. It ſtrikes an everlaſting root and bears perennial bloſſoms on its grave. The name of Hamilton would not have diſhonoured Greece, in the age of Ariſtides. May Heaven, the guardian of our liberty, grant, that our country may be fruitful of Hamiltons and faithful to their glory.

Be it our weekly task;
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Hudson, *August* 21.

MORE PARCHMENT.

On Thurſday laſt, the editor of this paper was ſerved with another piece of parchment, from his honor Judge Spencer.—What he now complains of, I know not: Neither do I know what his object is, in multiplying theſe ſuits ſo rapidly; neither do I care. If, however, it is poſſible that he intends to perſecute and oppreſs, until he drives me to ſubmiſſion, he muſt lay in a good ſtock of parchment—that's all.

I had almoſt forgotten to mention, that his honor De Witt Clinton, Mayor of N. York, lately commenced what is called in faſhionable language a *Spencer-ſuit* againſt M. Croſwell, editor of the *Catſkill Recorder*.

Formerly, when the officers of the Federal Adminiſtration happened to be abſent, on buſineſs, from the ſeat of government, the Aurora, and its copyiſts, would conſtantly charge them with a deſertion from their duty; but now it is no harm for the whole body of executive officers to leave Waſhington at once.

"*Where now is the government of the United States?*" This queſtion can be anſwered thus, ſays the Boſton Centinel: The Preſident of the United States is at Monticello;—The *Vice* Preſident, like *Cain*, a wanderer over the continent;—the Secretary of State, at his ſeat in Virginia;—the Secretary of the Treaſury in the interior of Pennſylvania;—the Secretary of War in Boſton;—the Secretary of the Navy in Baltimore:—the Attorney-General in Worceſter;—the Poſt-Maſter-General in Connecticut; and none left in Waſhington, ſave only a few ſubordinate officers in the departments.

It is ſtated in a number of papers that Mr. Monroe has been appointed, by the Preſident, Governor of Louiſiana. If this is true, Mr. Monroe has, in the courſe of one year, been appointed to no leſs than three important and lucrative offices, viz. Miniſter extraordinary to France, with an outfit of 9,000 dollars, and a ſalary of 9,000 dollars. Miniſter to Great-Britain with the like outfit and ſalary—and now Governor of Louiſiana!—Thus are Virginia favorites rewarded!!

The verdict of the Coroner's inqueſt againſt Mr. Burr, it is ſaid, comes under the 2d paragraph of the 2d ſection, of the 4th article of the Conſtitution of the United States, which provides, that any perſon charged with a crime, "*who ſhall flee from juſtice, and be found in another State, ſhall on demand of the executive authority of the ſtate from which he fled, be delivered, to be removed to the ſtate having juriſdiction of the crime.*" If this be correct, we cannot but hope that Gov. Bloomfield will make the demand required; and that the *Vice*-Preſident will be delivered up to take his trial for the *murder* which he is charged with having committed.

The report of the illneſs of Col. Burr, proves unfounded.

An attendant of the deputy-marſhal in Lycoming county (Penn.) has been ſhot. No particulars.

It is ſaid to be very ſickly at Charleſton, South-Carolina.

A perſon was detected on Friday laſt, by Gilbert & Dean in attempting to gain the prize of 1500 dolls. in the laſt drawn Claſs of South Hadley Canal Lottery, by a Ticket, the number of which had been altered from 44 to 41. After an examination before Judge Bourne, he was committed to priſon for further trial. The man is from New Salem, and has been working on the New Priſon at Charleſton, where it is probable he will ſoon become a tenant. [*Boſt. Gaz.*]

The French privateers have completely blockaded the port of Charleſton.

Reports are prevalent, of an engagement between the Engliſh and French fleets, off Toulon. Reſult not mentioned.

The ſhip Little Cornelia, Harriſon, from Rochefort for New-York, was captured on the 6th inſt. juſt off the Hook, by the Britiſh ſhip of war Leander, and ordered for Halifax. The veſſel and cargo were owned by Mr. J. Juhel, of New-York.

The Britiſh ſhip of war Leander blockades the port of N. York—fires upon and boards American veſſels, treats them with the utmoſt inſolence, and in one inſtance, has preſſed 17 paſſengers from Londonderry. Particulars and reflections hereafter.

Six privateers, mounting from ten to fourteen guns, and full of men, have been fitted out at Gaudaloupe for St. Domingo, with expreſs orders to *take, ſink* and *deſtroy* all American veſſels bound to or from that iſland.

The invaſion-drama in France has been limited, in the French papers, to the middle of July; but ſome of thoſe who pretend to be initiated into the Arcana of cabinets, ſay, the invaſion will not be attempted at all.

It appears that Jerome Bonaparte, now in this country, not being in the order of hereditament, *is not Prince, nor his fair ſpouſe a Princeſs!!!*

A new form of prayer is introduced into all the churches in France;—the *Republic* is no longer to be prayed for; and inſtead of the words, "O Lord ſave the Conſul," the following are introduced, "O Lord ſave our Emperor Napoleon."

The following is given, under London June 20, as an extract of a communication received by a gentleman at Antwerp, from his brother at Boulogne, who is employed in the armament deſtined for the invaſion of England:—

"All the horſes, forage, and heavy artillery, are embarked. We wait only the arrival of the generals. I ſhall not, therefore, write to you again from hence; and, probably I may never behold you more."

It was reported in London, on the 19th June, that a perſon had arrived from France with overtures for peace.

To Correſpondents.

"OBSERVATOR" and a "FRIEND," ſhall receive due attention.

We pity "OLIVIA," but to publiſh her poetry would be no proof of it.

"AMOR LIBERTATIS," next week.

Brigade Orders.

AS a tribute of reſpect to the memory of the Patriot, Hero, and profound Stateſman, Major General HAMILTON; and as a public teſtimony of their ſenſe of the irreparable loſs our country has ſuſtained in the death of that great and good man, Brigadier General Butler, recommends to the officers of his Brigade, to wear crape on their left arm during the regimental and company parades of this ſeaſon.

By Order,
WILLIAM BUTLER,
Aſſiſtant Brigade Major.

Morton Lodge, Delaware County, Auguſt 6, 1804.

Wreath.

EXTRACT.

FROM THE REPERTORY.

TEARS OF COLUMBIA.

ALTERED FROM COLLINS.

WHILE lost to all her former mirth,
Columbia, weeping, bends to earth,
And seeks her *Hero's* grave—
Whilst stain'd with blood, she strives to tear,
Unseemly, from her fragrant hair
The wreaths that *Summer* gave.

The thoughts that musing *Pity* pays,
And fond *Remembrance* loves to raise
Shall on her steps attend;
Still *Fancy* to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And paints the bleeding friend.—

By *Hudson's* broad descending wave
Her ceasless tears bedew the grave,
Where HAMILTON is laid—
That *sacred spot*, with cypress crown'd,
Shall jealous *Honour* watch around,
And *Truth* protect the shade.

O'er him whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aerial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And fall'n by fate's severe command,
Imperial *Honour's* awful hand
Shall point his lowly bed.

The warlike dead of ev'ry age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest—
And half reclining on his spear,
Each wond'ring chief by turns appear
To hail the blooming guest.

Great WASHINGTON unknown to yield;
MONTGOMERY, from *Abram's field*—
Shall gaze with fix'd delight:
Again their Country's wrongs they feel;
Again they snatch the gleaming steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

But lo! where sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient FREEDOM lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To ev'ry sod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

If weak to sooth thy soften'd heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy constant tear;
If yet in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Where *Greenwich Shades* appear.

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still with social grief,
With thee her vigils keep:
Ev'n VERNON'S lone sepulchral vale
Shall learn the sad respected tale,
Where sainted relics sleep.

Diversity.

PETER PINDAR.

TOM PAINE once asserted, in the presence of Peter, that the minority, in all deliberative bodies, ought at all times, to govern the majority. Peter smiled. "You grant me, (said Paine) that the proportion of men of sense to the ignorant, is not more than twenty, or at most thirty, to a hundred: consequently, the majority of mankind are prone to error; and if we would act rightly, we ought to be guided by the sense of the minority."

Peter, who had listened with great seeming attention, now mildly replied, "I will not say but your arguments are cogent, though not entirely convincing. As it is rather a subject out of my line, I will not attempt to argue the point, but merely hold the negative of your proposition and leave it to the good company which is right. "Agreed" said Paine, who saw himself surrounded by his admirers. "well gentlemen," said Peter, with all the gravity of a Speaker of the House of Commons, "you that are of opinion that the minority, in all deliberative bodies, ought in all cases to govern the majority, please to rise in the affirmative." Paine immediately stood up himself, and, as he had foreseen, the company all rose in his favour. "Then I rise in the negative" cried Peter, "I am the wise minority, who ought in all cases to govern your ignorant majority; and consequently, upon your own principles, I carry the vote, let it be recorded."

This unexpected manœuvre raised a hearty laugh, Paine retired from the presence of triumphant wit, mortified with being foiled at his own weapons.

[*London Paper.*]

At a city feast in London, one of the company was expatiating on the blessings of Providence, "aye" said Alderman Curtis, smacking his lips, "it is a blessed place sure enough; *we get all our turtle from it.*"

[*Ibid.*]

It was an ill natured reply of Mr. Windham's when it was said, "Mr. C——has a vast deal of wit," to answer, "He needs must have a *vast deal* for he never *wastes any.*" [*Ibid.*]

Lord Orford, saying that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his own understanding. "Now, my lord," said the countess of Buckinghamshire, "I see the reason, *you never play deep.*"

[*Ibid.*]

ALARMING!!

A CURIOUS cause is likely soon to find its way into the courts. A young gentleman, just come of age, calls upon his guardians to put him in possession of a fortune left him in the funds. The guardians demur, on the ground that he was willed the possession of the fortune "when he came to *years of discretion;*" at which, from some of his late actions, they mean to contend, he is not yet arrived!!

[*ibid.*]

A barrister, blind with one eye, pleading one day with his spectacles on, "Gentlemen in my argument, I shall use nothing but what is necessary." Mr. Mingay replied immediately, "take out then, one of the glasses of your spectacles."

[*Ibid.*]

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